

THE RURAL MAGAZINE.



AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

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COMMUNICATED—FOR THE RURAL MAGAZINE.

MR. PRINTER.

By re-publishing from the Pennsylvania Magazine, the following Letter from one young Lady to another, you will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

*Yet a few years or days perhaps,
Or moments pass in silent lapse,
And time to me shall be no more;
No more the sun these eyes shall view,
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
And life's fantastic dream be o'er.*

King of Prussia.

A Young Lady of whom I have the pleasure of being intimately acquainted with, has been so obliging as to favour me with the following copy of a letter from another young lady, with whom she is united in the strictest bands of friendship.

"You know, Mira, I have often pressed Siderio to give me a view of the secret room, you and I have observed him retire to so constantly, evening and morning, during our residence last summer, at Clindon's house. I am now returned to the same delightful spot, on a visit of a month to Siderio's sister, and ever since my arrival, I have been plaguing him with the old request: He always resisted my opportunity, and put me off with some trifling excuse, till last night. He had been talking to me on several grave subjects; I, in my usual manner, rallied him on a gravity so unbecoming his years, and rank in life: But he, with the persuasive eloquence he is so much master of, attempted to convince me, that a serious air is much more becoming, than the thoughtless flippant one, of a modern fine gentleman.

After talking some time, he brought me to a subject he knows I think very little on, *i. e.* death. He talked hereon with all the gravity of a philosopher, and then taking my hand between both his, he pressed it with that graceful freedom you know is so natural to him, and looking attentively at me, said, "The lovely Asphelia knows very well the one day must die, yet how little she thinks of that period which will put an end to all those personal charms which she now possesses: The time will come when those bright eyes which now sparkle with such engaging radiance that they captivate every beholder, will lose their splendor in the gloomy regions of the dead; that lovely face and engaging person, which now can scarcely be matched for beauty, will one day be a prey to death, corruption shall destroy their charms, and moulder them into dust. Why, then, should Asphelia give all her attention to this contemptible part, and neglect so much that incorruptible

part her soul, which is to live for ever?" I could make no answer to so home a question.—Observing my silence, he continued, "The generality of youth in this age, think more of enjoying the present moment, than they do of preparing themselves for that eternity, which is to come; but since the death of my brother, who was carried off so suddenly, I am resolved that death shall not come upon me unexpectedly: for I make that awful period, and futurity, the principal subject of my thoughts. I am satisfied I should not now look upon death's arrival as premature; on the contrary, I should welcome the kind messenger, who comes to set me free from this earthly prison, and to give me liberty in the realms of happiness. That the gaiety which surrounds me may not tempt me to forget that I am mortal, I have recourse to a precaution, that, in spite of the bewitching allurements of the world, keeps me constantly in mind of death. If you will give me leave to attend you into the private room you have so often wished to see, I will explain myself." I offered my hand, and he conducted me well pleased to see this secret place. The first door opened, not, as I expected into a room, but into a long gallery, at the end of which was another door; but before Siderio opened it, he desired I would not be surprized if I saw a very extraordinary sight. I answered, I could depend upon his honour, and had no fear. He then opened the door; but what was my astonishment at the sight: I beheld a very large and dark room, enlightened only by the feeble glimmering of several small lamps, that spread horror over the awful contents of this dismal place. The room was lined with black, surrounded with coffins, and ensigns of death. I started, and was going to run back; but recollecting myself, I ventured in with him. He shut the door and then said, "Now Asphelia, your curiosity is gratified; you see here the secret room you so often wished to see. Here I retire morning and evening to think of death, and offer up my devotion to the great Creator. The solemnity of the place kept out all thoughts of the world; and my imagination wings its way through boundless futurity to these scenes of permanent delight, which I make no doubt my soul will one day enjoy.—Every object you see is calculated to compose the mind into thoughtfulness. Those coffins contain the remains of my ancestors for many ages back; I had them removed privately from the family vault, to assist me in my meditations. That one covered with the black velvet pall, contains the body of my beloved brother. His sudden death reminds me of the uncertainty of life, and teaches me to live so as to be always ready to resign it. The sight of his coffin reads a more affecting lecture on the brevity of human life, than the most eloquent tongue could do; it speaks to the heart; here is no resisting such

evidence. The paintings, you see are all upon subjects suitable to the place: There is one done by an eminent hand, representing the day of judgment. Nothing can more effectually remind me of the account I am to render of all my actions, on that great day of dread decision and despair. That I may be prepared for the solemn reckoning, I make it a rule every night to revolve in my mind the actions of the preceding day, and note them down in that small book lying on my brother's coffin. Oh! Asphelia, how deplorable the condition of those foolish mortals, who never think of death till he arrives? it is then too late to repent: the greedy tyrant will stay no longer, but gives the fatal stroke and sends them unprepared to give an account of their actions, before the great and just judge. What account can they give? None at all: They have lived the life of the ungodly, and they must receive their doom accordingly."

I was so much affected with the solemn scene, that I could not speak. My conscience began to reprove me for the heedless life I have lived. It is true, I have never committed great crimes; but the levities I have been guilty of immediately occurred to me. I remained silent, looking friendly on one of the coffins. He proceeded, "Oh! how shocking would it be, if the king of terrors was to throw his unerring javelin at the gay, the lively Asphelia. Her charms would not save her. Death is no respecter of persons. I fear she is ill prepared for the summons that will call her to the shades. That final place yet employed but a small portion of her reflections. I have observed with infinite regret how thoughtlessly she advances to that last period; and with what heedless gaiety she passes away the flying moments, that ought to be better employed. I have often tried to reason her out of this fancied security, but in vain; she turned all I said into raillery, which induced me to give her a sight of these awful remembrances; I pray heaven they may effect what I have so often attempted without success."—Siderio then took my hand, and led me to a coffin at the other end of the room: the lid was off, and it was empty. "There Asphelia, said he, is my coffin; in a very few years at farthest perhaps in a few days, that small spot will contain the remains of your friend Siderio." I started. "Why starts Asphelia? There is nothing frightful in this sight; I enjoy the most pleasing reflections when I look at it: It is the door through which I am to enter to eternity. Here my body will sleep in peace, until the trumpet, at the last day, proclaims the coming of my blessed Redeemer; then shall I arise, and appear at the dread tribunal, without any fear or apprehension. My actions will be approved, and I shall be blessed to all eternity." You can hardly conceive, my dear Mira, the condition

I was in, during this scene: At my first entrance conscience upbraided my past conduct and the words of the eloquent Siderio had a double force in so solemn a place. His last words affected me very much; to see him look with so much composure on his own coffin, convinced me of the greatness of those principles he said would inspire me with. He continued looking at the coffin with a fixed attention. I, unable to view it any longer, turned to a monument I observed against the wall: An angel descending from the clouds, holding forward in his bright hand, a roll; on which was wrote the adjuration out of Young's Night-Thoughts. I read and felt the whole force of the awful words. While I was thinking of the solemn warning they gave, Siderio came up to me, and taking my hand, led me to another monument at the upper end of the room: It was of white marble, and executed in a most masterly manner. The subject was a beautiful young woman rising out of her coffin, at the sound of the trumpet, on the last day: around her are graves giving up their dead in abundance: The young woman's countenance expresses her joy and reliance on her Redeemer; her eyes are fixed upon heaven. After we had viewed it for some time, Siderio said, "That, Asphelia, is a monument to the memory of my eldest sister. I loved her, as I loved myself. She was all that is amiable: Her person was lovely beyond description; but her mind infinitely eclipsed these lesser beauties. She is now a bright inhabitant of the regions of light." How amiable this description, Mira, O! how trifling a life I have lived till now. I never felt what it is to live; I only existed before. These solemn forewarnings have awakened me to reflections of a nature vastly different from those which formerly occupied my thoughts.—Before the blooming young philosopher led me out of the solemn repository, he gave me advice, clothed in the tenderest expressions, for the regulation of my future conduct; implored me in the most ardent manner, to live such a life as would make my election sure; and ended by saying, "Aft thus, Asphelia, and you will, with pleasure, meet the end of all things.—Death when he comes, will wear the form of an angel, instead of a tyrant; he will give you liberty, the round of vast boundless eternity.—Happiness beyond the power of mortals to form any idea of."

ABU-CASEM'S SLIPPERS;

AN ARABIAN TALE.

Formerly lived in Bagdad an opulent avaricious merchant named Abu-Casem. Al though he was immensely rich, he was always clothed in ragged and filthy garments; and his coarse turban was so dirty that its original colour could scarcely be discovered. But his slippers excelled every other part of his dress; their soles were strengthened with long nails and pieces of iron, and their upper parts so patched that the most ingenious mathematician would be puzzled to give a name to their shape. For ten years had all the skilful cobblers of Bagdad laboured to preserve them from destruction, and now made them so heavy that "as clumsy as Abu-Casem's slippers" was become a proverbial expression.

As Abu-Casem was one day passing through the grand bazar, some chrystal vases of exquisite workmanship were offered to him for sale; the price being very low, he instantly purchased them. Soon afterwards he heard that a distress-

sed perfumer had a quantity of rose water to dispose of; it was the poor man's last resource. Abu-Casem, ever ready to take advantage of the misfortunes of others, bought it at half its value. These bargains put him in high spirits; but, instead of following the example of other merchants, who usually gave a feast to their friends on such occasions, he thought it would be much less expensive and much more agreeable to go into the bath, which, from his avaricious disposition, he had not done for a long time.

While he was taking off his clothes, a friend of his, at least one who called himself so, (for misers have seldom real friends) told him that his old ugly slippers made him the jest of the city, and hoped that he would buy a new pair.

"You are quite right (said Abu-Casem) for to tell you the truth, I have thought so myself for some years: but, however, these will serve me a little longer."

He then went into the bath, and his friend left him.

Whilst Abu-Casem was bathing, the cadi of Bagdad came in. Abu-Casem was out first; and leaving the cadi in the bath, went into the dressing room, where he was much surprised at not meeting with his slippers. He saw a pair indeed; but being quite new therefore they could not be his. However he did not search very narrowly after them; concluding that his friend, who had just had some conversation with him on the subject, wished to make him a present in a genteel way, had taken this opportunity, by leaving a new pair of slippers. The old miser was quite enraptured. He saw himself at once delivered from the inexpressible torment of parting with his money; he had new slippers and they cost him nothing. Abu-Casem eagerly seized them; and putting them on his feet left the bath.

When the cadi had finished bathing, his slaves could not find his slippers: instead of the new and elegant pair which belonged to their master, they saw two old hideous machines which they well knew were Abu-Casem's.

"Ah, ah! (said one of them) that old miserly rascal has stolen our master's slippers, and left his own here."

They instantly pursued him and found the cadi's slippers on his feet. The robbery was manifest; and in spite of Abu-Casem's declarations of his innocency, they dragged him to prison. The ministers of justice, well knowing how rich he was, were determined he should not escape from their clutches until they had laid a heavy fine upon him. Poor Abu-Casem paid the money, and went from the prison, cursing the cadi and his slippers.

The first thing he did on his return home, was to throw the innocent cause of his misfortune into the Tigris which ran under his window. The next morning some fishermen throwing their nets into the river near his house, found an unusual resistance in drawing them up. They rejoiced at their good fortune, imagining they had taken a great number of fish; but, alas! they had caught nothing but Abu-Casem's old slippers. The nails which were driven into their bottom had torn their nets and all the fish had escaped through the holes. The enraged fishermen threw the slippers into the miser's window. They fell on his fine chrystal vases in which he kept the poor perfumer's rose-water; and his late excellent bargains were at once destroyed by his unfortunate slippers.

It is impossible to describe the despair of Abu-Casem, when he discovered the wreck of his vases and rose-water.

"Infernal slippers! (said he, after a long silence) I'll take care you shall do me no more mischief;" and immediately running down stairs, he buried them in a corner of his garden.

A neighbour of his, who heartily detested him, went to the Governor, and told him that Abu-Casem had found a treasure in his garden.—This was quite enough to inflame the cupidity of the Governor. Abu-Casem was ordered to appear before him. It was in vain that he protested that he had found nothing, and was only buying his slippers. He was informed that he must either pay a large sum of money, or go to prison. He preferred the former, and was permitted to depart.

Abu-Casem now almost despaired of ever being able to part with his slippers. The loss of his money threw him into the most violent agitation. He would willingly have put an end to his existence, could he have taken his treasures with him into the ether world, and have left his slippers in this.

"What can I do with them? (said he)—If I throw them into the Tigris, they are fished up again, and my vases are broken with them; and if I bury them in my garden, they say I have found a treasure."

He at last resolved on hiding them in a deep reservoir, which supplied the city with water.—He now congratulated himself on having lost them for ever, and went home tranquilly. But his evil genius pursued him. The slippers were carried into the canal of the reservoir: the water was stopped; the source of it was supposed to be dried up, and the inhabitants of Bagdad were in danger of perishing with thirst.—The alarm became general—the reservoir was examined—and, in cleaning the canal they met with the slippers of the unfortunate Abu-Casem.—He was so universally detested, that the governor was easily persuaded his slippers were the cause of the late distress; and poor Abu-Casem was once more sent to prison, from which he liberated himself by paying a very large sum of money. At his departure, his slippers were faithfully returned to him.

He at length thought he had fixed on a certain method of destroying the causes of his misery. He determined to burn them; but ere this could be effected, it was necessary they should be dried: for this purpose he placed them in the sun, on the top of his house.

The philosophy of the miser must now be exposed to a still severer proof. A cat amusing herself with the slippers, unfortunately threw one of them into the street. It fell on a pregnant woman who was passing underneath. The pain and the fright caused her to be delivered before her time. Her husband complained to the cadi, and the miserable Abu-Casem was condemned to pay for the clamfiness of the cat.

Abu-Casem, now rendered quite furious, took a slipper in each hand, and addressed the judge with a vehemence that threw all the auditors into a violent fit of laughter:—"behold (said he) the cursed cause of all my misfortunes;—these diabolical slippers have reduced me to beggary. Promise me—assure me that I shall never again be responsible for the mischief they may occasion."

The cadi could not refuse his request: and Abu-Casem left the court, convinced, to his cost, of the danger a man exposes himself too by wearing his slippers too long.

THE COTTAGE.—A FRAGMENT.

SWEET pliability of the affections! that takes the barb from the dark of misfortune, and shapes the mind to its allotment! "I have been master of a palace," said Honorius; "and now my only habitation is a cottage. Troops of livered slaves then obeyed my nod: and my sheep alone are now obedient to me. The splendid board is now exchanged for the fruits that the earth yields to my own labour; and the rarest juice of the vintage is succeeded by the simple beverage of the fountain."

"But am I less happy in this nook, where my ill fortune has placed me, than when I passed my laughing youth in the gaudy bowers of prosperity? If I am not soothed by flattery, I am not wounded by ingratitude. If I feel not the conscious pride of superior life, I am not the object of calumniating envy; and I am now two far removed into the shade for scorn to point its finger at me. Fears I have none; and hopes, there is my consolation! there is the source of my joys, and the cure of my sorrows: they no longer rest on vain, idle, fallacious objects—on private friendship, or public justice; they have now a more durable foundation, they rest on Heaven!"

THOUGHTS ON MODESTY both in MEN and WOMEN.

AN easy and unaffected Modesty is a virtue not only graceful and excellent, but may be reckoned among the most durable beauties; it improves every look and feature, gesture and motion, atones for a mean dress, and sets off the richest with an additional lustre. The standard of Beauty varies in proportion to the various opinions of mankind in different countries; but Modesty, like light, is the same to all. Beauty, like a flower, is slow in its growth, short in its bloom, and its decay raises in us a sort of ill-natured compassion. But Modesty, in its dawn, has its charms; and, when it has stood all attacks, is entitled to our admiration. Beauty may win the eye, and satisfy the present gust or appetite; but Modesty engages the heart: it is the surest proof of good sense, and good sense is the strongest security a fine woman can give of making her admirer happy for life. The attempts made upon the fair to deprive them of this virtue, are a plain demonstration of its superior excellence; for a robber always aims at the most valuable plunder.

With the men Modesty gives rise to true bravery and confidence, or at least supports it. Modesty is slow, but sure, and advances in a firm body; whilst Impudence makes one bold and daring onset, but is easily demolished by breaking the front.

SYMPATHETIC INK.

SOME amusing tricks and deceptions are founded on qualities of the various *sympathetic inks*. One of the most ingenious of which deceptions may be entitled, *Winter changed into Spring*, and may be thus performed.

A sympathetic ink is made by dissolving zaffre in *aqua regia*, and diluting the solution with water. Forms, or characters, drawn or traced with this fluid, will not be visible unless they are exposed to the warmth of the sun's rays, or are brought near a fire where they will appear of a lively green colour. A print is taken or a drawing made, that represents winter, in which

the ground appears naked and dreary, and the trees without leaves. The intended foliage and grass is to be drawn with sympathetic ink, in the proper places, and will remain invisible. On hanging the print however in the sun's rays or near a fire, a new creation will appear; for the scene which before represented winter, will now exhibit the beauties of spring, by the appearance of the luxuriant foliage that had been drawn with the invisible ink. On placing the drawing in the cold, winter will reassume its seat, and it will again be succeeded by spring, on replacing the print in its former warm situation. These changes will happen repeatedly, *toties quoties*, unless the print should be exposed to too great a degree of heat; in which case it will ever after exhibit the appearance of autumn.

ANECDOTES.

BISHOP Thomas who was a man of humor and drollery, being once on a visitation, he was giving an account of his being married three or four times: "Says he," cheerfully "would my present wife die I would take another; and it is my opinion, added he, I shall survive her. Perhaps you do not know the art of getting quit of your wives. I'll tell you how I do. I am called a good husband; and so I am, for I never contradict them. But don't you know, the want of contradiction is fatal to women. If you contradict them, that circumstance is exercise and health, *et optima medicamenta*, to women." But give them their own way, and they will languish and pine, become cross and lethargic for want of this exercise.

MUSICAL ANECDOTE.

NATURALISTS pretend that animals and birds, as well as "knotted oaks," as Congreve informs us, are exquisitely sensible to the charms of music. The following story may serve as an instance.

An officer in France having spoke somewhat too freely of the minister Louvois, was, as once was the custom—immediately consigned to the Bastille. He requested the government to permit him the use of his lute, to soften by the harmonies of his instrument, the rigours of his prison. At the end of a few days, this modern Orpheus, playing on his lute, was greatly astonished to see frisking out of their holes great numbers of mice; and, descending from their woven habitations, crowds of spiders, who formed a circle about him, while he continued his soul-subduing instrument. His surprise was at first so great, that he was petrified with astonishment; when, having ceased to play, the assembly who did not come to see his person, but to hear his instrument, immediately broke up. As he had a great dislike to spiders, it was two days before he ventured again to touch his instrument. At length having conquered, for the novelty of his company, his dislike of them, he recommenced his concert; when the assembly was by far more numerous than at first; and, in the course of some time, he found himself surrounded by a hundred musical amateurs. Having thus succeeded in attracting this company, he treacherously contrived to get rid of them at his will. For this purpose he begged the keeper to give him a cat, which he put in a cage, and let loose at the very instant when the little hairy people were most entranced by the Orphean skill he displayed.

NEWARK, DECEMBER 29.



MARRIAGES.

At Philadelphia by the Right Rev. Bishop White, Mr. SAMUEL COX, of Maryland, to Miss ELIZA TRUXTON, daughter of Captain Thomas Truxton.

Lately, Mr. STEPHEN COXWOOD, senior, aged 70, to the amiable Miss JENNY HAYDON, of 15 years, both of the vicinity of Chaptico, Maryland.

THE MORALIST.

One cause of secret faults may be found in the effects of habit.

Propensities or actions that have become habitual we are apt to confound with the original tendencies of nature, and equally, to ascribe them to the author of our being. They operate almost without our thinking of them; and men seldom take the pains to examine their rectitude, or their relations to the divine law.—If any faults, therefore have gradually grown up with them, and become incorporated in their manner, they are rarely and with difficulty cured—they are hardly seen as faults.

Habits advance by such insensible degrees that it is difficult to remark their progress.—They steal us imperceptibly away from the fountain of truth, and the standard of perfection. And when once we begin to yield to the tendencies of corrupted nature, or to the streams of fashionable vice even good men may sometimes be borne far down the silent and contaminated current before they are aware, till some palpable miscarriage awaken their sleeping conscience, and oblige them to remount to the source of the evil in order to purify it. David could not have passed at once from those sublime and pious fervors that glow in his sacred compositions, and still animate the devotions of the church, to that act of gross sensuality and injustice that was the stain of his life, and embittered to him the remainder of his days: gradually he must have yielded to the temptations of his fortune.—The habits of pleasure must have insensibly stolen upon him, till, in an unsuspecting moment, they plunged him into the gulf, and by his miseries, recalled him to himself, and restored the obliterated sentiments of duty on his heart.

Habit has likewise a passive influence upon the soul that greatly contributes to this dangerous effect. Of this influence every day furnishes us with innumerable proofs. Customary appearances attract little attention, and customary actions are performed almost without thought. Hence vices, which are common in society, and which enter into the character and manners of a people, come, at length, to be viewed with a kind of indifference even by a good man, which may expose him, at some times, to be betrayed into criminal compliances with them. Hence faults that have entered into our own habits are slightly remarked, if they are remarked at all, and they speedily pass into an oblivion from which they are never recalled. These forgotten sins, however, leave upon the conscience an indelible taint; and, not improbably, prove the cause of many of those strokes and chastisements in the course of divine providence of which we do not discern the immediate cause, nor the end.

DR. SMITH.

POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's design'd
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

For the RURAL MAGAZINE.

A NEW MASONIC SONG,
Written by one of the members of St. John's Lodge
No. 2. and sung at their late festival.

Tune—Rule Britannia.

LONG live the Craft, at whose command
The polished arts obedient stand—
Hail Masonry! thou art divine,
In radiant splendor ever shine.
Thy plumb of truth shall bare the sway,
And light thee to eternal day.

Thy gavel makes confusion cease,
And soon to order gives a place;
To arts alone we're not confin'd,
But square the morals of the mind.
Correct wild fallies of the soul,
And point the passions where to roll.

On virtues tablet view our rule—
We're but one universal school;
Where nature's laws unfolded stand,
Where sense and science join each hand.
Oh may our rules instructive prove,
And more than bind, in Brothers love.

THE ERRORS OF GUILT.

By MATILDA BETHAM.

YON coward, with the streaming hair,
And visage, madden'd to despair,
With step convuls'd, unsettled eye,
And bosom lab'ring with a sigh,
Is **GUILT**!—Behold, he bears the name,
And starts with horror, fear, and shame!

See! slow Suspicion by his side,
With winking, microscopic eye!
And mystery his muscled guide,
With fearful speech, and head awry.

See! scowling Malice there attend,
Bold Falsehood, an apparent friend
Avarice, repining o'er his pelf,
Mean Cunning, lover of himself;
Hatred the son of conscious Fear,
Impatient Envy, with a fiend-like sneer,
And shades of blasted Hopes, which still are
hovering near.

All other woes will find relief,
And time alleviate every grief;
Memory, though slowly, will decay,
And sorrow's empire pass away,
Awhile Misfortune may controul,
And Pain oppress the virtuous soul,
Yet innocence can still beguile
The patient sufferer of a smile,
The beams of hope may still dispense
A grateful feeling to the sense;
Friendship may cast her arms around,
And with fond tears embalm the wound,
Or Piety's soft incense rise,
And waft reflection to the skies;

But those fell pangs which he endures,
Nor Time forgets nor Kindness cures;
Like Ocean's waves, they still return,
Like Etna's fires forever burn.

Round him no genial zephyrs fly,
No fair horizon glides his eye,
No joys to him does Nature yield,
The solemn grove or laughing field;
Though both with loud rejoicings ring,
No pleasure does the echo bring,
Not bubbling waters as they roll,
Can tranquilize his bursting soul,
For Conscience still, with tingling smart,
Asserts his empire o'er his heart,
And even when his eye-lids close,
With clamorous scream affrights repose.

Oppress'd with light, he seeks to shun
The splendid glories of the sun;
The busy crowds that hover near,
Torment his eye distract his ear;
He hastens to the secret shades,
Where not a ray to gloom pervades;
Where contemplation may retreat,
And Silence take his mossy seat:
Yet even there no peace he knows,
His feverish blood no calmer flows;
Some hid assassin's vengeful knife
Is rais'd to end his wretched life.
He shudders, starts, and stares around,
With breathless fright, to catch the fancied sound,
Seeks for the dagger in his breast,
And gripes it 'neath his ruffled vest.

ODE TO FLATTERY.

From the last Vol. of Pindar's Works.

WHEN Flatt'ry sings, Age opes his eyes so
clear,
And claps so brisk the trumpet to his ear,
So wond'rously inspir'd he lifts, and fees!
When Flatt'ry sings, pale Colic's pains are off;
Consumption pants not, but forgets his cough;
And Asthma's loaded lungs forbear to wheeze.
Stung is the soul with Hip's rope off'ring evils?
Flatt'ry's a talisman to drive the devils.
Sweet on the list'ning ear of Silly Night,
As warbling dieth Philomela's song;
So on the ear of man, with rich delight,
The lulling music flows from Flatt'ry's
tongue.

Shew me the man, and I will thank thee for it,
Who says, with truth, "Poh! Flatt'ry! I ab-
hor it."

'Tis a *nondescript*—by Sir Joseph bred—
A Soho monster, born without a head.

Flatt'ry's a perfect mistress of her art;
With Picklock keys to open ev'ry heart.

What mortal can withstand the fire of Flatt'ry?
No one! 'tis such a most successful batt'ry.
No head, however thick, resists its shot;
Yet each pretends to mock it!—what a sot!

SUSAN AND THE SPIDER.

"**C**OME down, you toad," cry'd Susan to a
Spider,
High on the gilded cornice a proud rider,
And, wanton, swinging by his silken rope;
"I'll teach thee to spin cobwebs round the room;
"You're now upon some murder I presume—
"I'll bless thee—if I don't say I'm no Pope."

Then Susan brandish'd her long brush,
Determined, on a fatal push,
To bring the rope-dancer to the ground,
And all his schemes of death confound.

The Spider, blest with oratory grace,
Slipp'd down, and, staring Susan in the face,
"Fie, Susan! lurks there murder in that heart?
"O barb'rous, lovely Susan! I'm amaz'd!
"O can that form, on which so oft I've gaz'd,
"Possess of cruelty the slightest part?"

"Ah! can the swelling bosom of delight,
"On which I've peep'd with wonder many a
night,
"Nay, with these fingers touch'd too, let me
say,

"Contain a heart of cruelty?—no, no!
"That bosom which exceeds the new fall'n snow,
"All softness, sweetness, one eternal May."

"How!" Susan screech'd, as with disorder'd
brain—

"How! Impudence! repeat those words again:
"Come, come, confess with honesty—speak,
speak,

"Say, did you really crawl upon my neck?"

"Susan by all thy heav'nly charms, I did;
"I saw thee sleeping by the taper's light;
"Thy cheek, so bluishful, and thy breast so
white:

"I could not stand it, and so down I slid."

"You did, sweet Mr. Spider? so you saw?"

"Yes, Susan! Nature's is a powerful law."

"Arn't you a murder'?" gravely Susan cries;

"Arn't you forever busy with that claw,

"Killing poor unoffending little flies,

"Merely to satisfy your nasty maw?"

"But, Susan, don't you feed on gentle lamb?"

"Don't you on pretty little pigeons cram?"

"Don't you on harmless fishes often dine?"

"That's very true," quoth Susan, "true in-
deed;

"Lord! with what eloquence these spiders
plead!

"This little rascal beats a grave Divine.

"It was no snake, I verily believe,

"But a fly spider that seduc'd poor Eve.

"But then you are so ugly."—Ah! sweet Sue,

"I did not make myself, you know too well:

"Could I have made myself, I had been you,

"And kill'd with envy ev'ry beauteous Belle."

"Heav'n's! to this Spider!—what a witching
tongue!

"Well! go about thy business—go along;

"All animals indeed their food must get;

"And hear me—shouldst thou look with long-
ing eyes,

"At any time on young, fatulicious flies,

"I'll drive the little rascals to thy net."

"Lord! then how blind I've been to form and
feature!

"I think a spider, now, a comely creature!"

EPIGRAM.

By our Pastor perplex'd,
How shall we determine?
"Watch and pray," says the Text—
"Go to sleep," says the Sermon.

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By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,
For the PROPRIETORS.